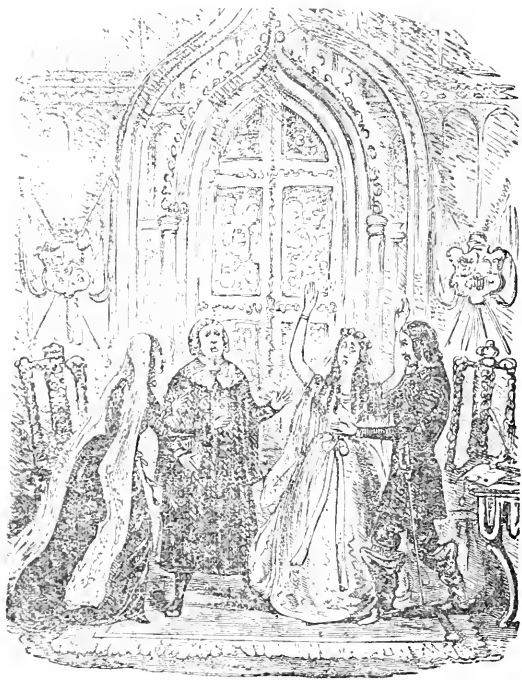


COLE
The Bride of Lammermoor



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FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA

THE ACTING EDITION.

No. CLXXIX.

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

A Drama, in Five Acts.

BY JOHN WILLIAM CALCRAFT.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and ~~Exits~~
Relative Position of the Performers on the Stage, and the
whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL
LONDON AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

Cast of Characters.—[BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.]

Original Cast.	Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, 1846.	Marylebone, London.	Bowery, N. Y.	Providence, 1856.	National, Boston, 1853.
SIR WILLIAM ASHTON,	Mr. Faulkner.	Mr. Ray.	Mr. Tindell.	Mr. A. Reed.	Mr. Chris.
COLONEL ASHTON,	" Denham.	" Elbony.	" Wheatleigh.	" E. C. Prior.	" O'Wine.
HENRY ASHTON,	Miss Murray.	Miss McIarney.	Miss Treist.	Miss Salome.	Miss J. Daly.
EDGAR,	Mr. Calcraft.	Mr. E. Glover.	Mr. E. L. Davenport.	Mr. L. P. Roy's.	Mr. Brooke.
HAYSTON OF BUCKLAW,	" Jones.	" L. Murray.	Mr. Craven.	Mr. Fitzgerald.	" Dickinson.
CAPTAIN CRAIGENGELT,	" Murray.	" W. Murray.	" Johnston.	" C. Stewart.	" Macgreggor.
CALEB BALDERSTONE,	" Mackay.	" Mackay.	Mr. J. H. Ray.	" E. Varney.	" Lewis.
LOCKHART,	" Miller.	" Watts.	" Morris.	" Griffiths.	" Lake.
RANDOLPH, a Clergyman,	" Lee.	" Josephs.	" Morrison.	" Moore.	" Browne.
NORMAN, a Forester,	" Duff.	Pienderleith.	" Morelany.	" H. W. Finn.	" Sylvia.
1st GENTLEMAN,	" Hillyard.	" ———	" ———	" ———	" Johnson.
2d GENTLEMAN,	" Aiken.	" ———	" ———	" ———	" Brown.
3d GENTLEMAN,	" Powell.	" ———	" ———	" ———	" Taylor.
A MESSENGER,	" Croly.	" ———	" ———	" ———	" Barker.
LADY ASHTON,	Mrs. Exce.	Mrs. Brookes.	Mrs. Johnstone.	Mrs. Bellamy.	Mrs. Arehbold.
LUCY ASHTON,	" H. Siddons.	Miss Montagne.	Mrs. Mowatt.	Mrs. Tyrrel.	Miss C. Weyto.
ALICE GRAY,	" Renaud.	" ———	Miss E. Potter.	" Forbes.	Mrs. Vickery.
MYSTIC,	" Nicol.	Miss Nicol.	Miss Cooke.	" ———	" Byrne.
DAME LIGHTBODY,	Miss Nicol.	Mrs. Turnbull.	" Hamilton.	Mrs. Kames.	" Groves.
MARION,	" J. Nicol.	Miss Elsworth.	" Lesly.	Miss Wilber.	Miss Browne.

Attendants. Foresters. Serrants. &c., &c.

First Produced at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. Time in Representation—2 hours 35 minutes

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Costume.—[BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.]

SIR WILLIAM.—Grave looking suit of the time of Queen Anne.

COLONEL ASHTON.—Richly embroidered military uniform of that period.

HENRY ASHTON, (A BOY OF 14.)—This dress must be fanciful.

RAVENSWOOD.—Black mourning dress of the time of Queen Anne, with high boots and spurs. Large mourning cloak for First Scene.

BUCKLAW.—Plain country Squire of 1700. *Second*: Richly embroidered full dress.

CRAIGENGELT.—Similar to Gibbet in the 'Beaux Stratagem,' very shabby. *Second*: Gaudily embroidered military dress.

CALEB.—Red breeches, tartan waistcoat, worsted stockings, night cap—all very much worn, mended and patched. *Second*: Heavy old fashioned livery coat and waistcoat, much worn.

RANDOLPH.—Clergyman's gown and bands.

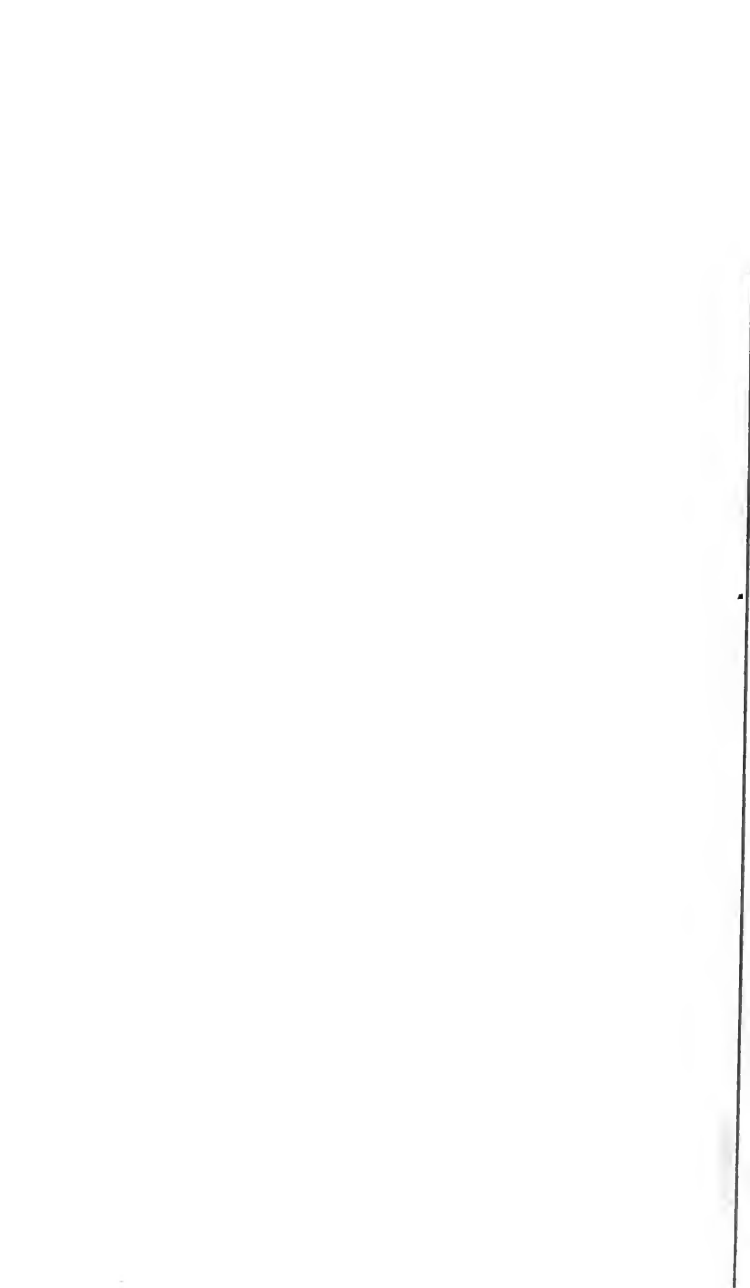
LOCKHART.—Plain dark dress.

NORMAN AND FORESTERS.—Green hunting dresses and carbines.

LADY ASHTON.—Traveling dress. *Second*: Full evening dress of 1700.

LUCY ASHTON.—Plain silk or satin, with plaid scarf. *Second*: Bridal dress.

ALICE GRAY.—Plain mourning dress of a peasant's widow.



THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Gothic Library in Ravenswood Castle.*

Enter Sir WILLIAM ASHTON, LOCKHART following, R.

Sir W. My orders, sir, were positive ; and, if the young Master of Ravenswood dared oppose, force should have compelled obedience.

Lock. It was impossible, my lord, to execute your orders, surrounded as we were by all the kinsmen of the family : the Master drew his sword, and threatened the clergyman with personal violence unless he proceeded with the ceremony.

Sir W. Did the rest second this resolution ?

Lock. All, my lord : an hundred weapons were displayed in an instant, and young Edgar, exclaiming he knew well from whom this blow proceeded, uttered the most contemptuous expressions against you, and the authority you are invested with. We were compelled to leave the chapel, happy to escape with our lives.

Sir W. I can scarcely commend your prudence, sir. The consequences may be more important than you are aware of. Leave me. [*Exit Lockhart, R.*] Young Ravenswood is now completely in my grasp, and he shall either bend or break. This boy—this hare-brained fool—has wrecked his vessel before she has cleared the harbour. But I would not touch his life, even though it should be in my power. Yet, if he live till a change of times, what follows ? Restitution : perhaps revenge.

Enter LUCY ASHTON, L.

Lucy. My father here ! I fear I have disturbed you, sir ; I did not know you were in the library.

Sir W. My sweet Lucy, your presence is always welcome.

Lucy. Nay, nay, dear father, 'tis your kindness induces you to say so. But, since I have intruded upon you, I have a request to make, if you are not occupied in matters of importance.

Sir W. Name it, Lucy.

Lucy. You know, my dear sir, I have long wished to conduct you to the residence of old Alice. 'Tis scarcely five minutes' walk from the castle, and the day is fine;—will you now gratify me?

Sir W. I confess you have raised my curiosity. We will go immediately. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*The Mermaid's Well. Cut and Back Woods.*

Enter EDGAR RAVENSWOOD in a shooting-dress, with a gun in his hand, L. U. E.

Rav. For the last time, ere fortune drives me from my native land, I come to seek the spoiler of my house. Nature recoils from shedding blood; yet, as I wander through these lofty woods, which once were mine, in every breeze I hear a voice, which echoes back the feelings of my heart. The demon of revenge has planted scorpions here; and from the grave my father's spirit cries for retribution. [*A shriek without, R. U. E.*] Ha! [*Looking off, R. U. E.*] what do I behold? a savage bull pursues the object of my hate, who struggles to support a fainting female. One instant, and inevitable death awaits them. Can I look on, and leave them to this cruel fate, yet have the power to save? Away! away! A moment's hesitation would disgrace the name of man.

[*Rushes out, R. U. E. A shot is fired without, and RAVENSWOOD returns, bearing LUCY senseless in his arms. He places her on a bank near the well, and kneels beside her—she recovers slowly.*]

Lucy. [*Looking wildly around.*] My father! my father!

Rav. Sir William is perfectly safe, madam. He is gone for further assistance, and will be here instantly.

Lucy. Oh! sir, are you certain he is safe? The savage animal was close by us. Do not stop me; I must go and seek my father. [*She is fainting, Ravenswood supports her.*]

Rav. Do not make yourself uneasy on his account. Fate has singularly preserved him. I must now leave you,

madam, and under the protection of those to whom it is possible you may this day have been a guardian angel.

[*Going, L.*

Lucy. Yet stay till my father, the Lord Keeper, comes : only permit him to offer his thanks, and to inquire your name.

Rav. It is unnecessary to mention my name. Your father—I would rather say, Sir William Ashton—will learn it soon enough for all the pleasure it is likely to afford him.

Lucy. You mistake him. He will be grateful, for my sake and for his own. You do not know my father, or you are deceiving me with a story of his safety, when he has fallen a victim to the fury of that animal.

Rav. On the word of a gentleman, madam, I tell you the truth. Your father is in perfect safety.

Lucy. [*Taking his arm.*] Oh ! if you be a gentleman ; if you be a man, assist me to find my father. You shall not leave me, you shall go with me. He is dying perhaps, while we are talking here.

Enter Sir WILLIAM ASHTON, NORMAN, and two Foresters, R. Norman and Foresters go up, L.

Sir W. [*As he enters.*] My child ! my child !

Lucy. My dear, dear father ! [*Runs and embraces him.*

Sir W. My dear, dear Lucy, are you safe ? Are you well ?

Lucy. I am quite well, sir, and still more that I see you so. But this gentleman, what must he think of me ?

Sir W. [*Crossing to Edgar.*] This gentleman will, I trust, not regret the trouble we have given him, when I assure him of the Lord Keeper's eternal gratitude for the greatest service which one man ever rendered to another. For the life of my child, for my own life, which he has saved by his bravery and presence of mind, he will, I am sure, permit us to request—

Rav. Request nothing of me, my lord ; I am the Master of Ravenswood ! [*Exit, L.*

Sir W. The Master of Ravenswood ! Hasten after him ! Stop him ! Beg him to speak to me for a single moment.

[*Exeunt Norman and two Foresters, L.*

My life preserved by the very man I have been warned against—whom I regarded as my bitterest enemy ! My daughter's, too !

Re-enter NORMAN, L.

Sir W. Well, sir?

Nor. He just said, he wadna' come back, my lord.

Sir W. He said something more, sir, and I insist on knowing what it was.

Nor. Why then, my lord, he said—but it wad be nae pleasure to your lordship to hear it—and I dare say the Master meant nae ill.

Sir W. That's none of your concern, sir: I desire to hear the very words.

Nor. Well then, my lord, he said, tell Sir William Ashton that the next time he and I foregather, he will not be half sae blythe of our meeting as of our parting.

Sir W. Very well, sir. I believe he alludes to a wager we have on our hawks. It's a matter of no consequence. Retire—[*Norman retires up, crossing with the other two Foresters to R. S. E.*—and attend us to the castle. How shall I act? The man who saved my life rejects my thanks, and shuns me as his mortal enemy! I have the power to serve him; and honour, gratitude, demand I should exert it. It shall be so. Lucy, my love, we must not suffer our preserver thus to leave us.

Lucy. Oh! my dear father. Heaven seems to interpose this accident to end our ancient feuds; and since he, to whom we are so deeply indebted, regards us with hereditary hatred, let us rise superior to the dictates of mistaken pride, seek him in his own dwelling, brave his resentment, root out long-cherished enmity, nor leave him, till, by perseverance, we have won his friendship, and changed suspicion and mistrust for lasting confidence.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in a Village Inn, called the Tod's Den—a Lamp on the Table.*

BUCKLAW and CRAIGENGELT *discovered, seated back to back, their legs stretched on stools.*

Buck. What the foul fiend can have detained the Master so long! He must have miscarried in his enterprise. Why did you dissuade me from going with him?

Craig. One man is enough to right his own wrong. We venture our lives for him in coming thus far on such an errand.

Buck. You are but a craven, after all, Craigenelt; and that's what many folk have thought of you before now.

Craig. But what no one has dared to tell me—[*Lays his hand on his sword*—and, but that I hold a hasty man no better than a fool, I would—

Buck. Would you? and why don't you, then?

Craig. Because there's a deeper stake than the lives of twenty hare-brained gowks like you.

Buck. But what do you mean to do with this poor fellow, Ravenswood? He has no money left, any more than I.

Craig. Content yourself, Bucklaw! I know my business. He has parts and address, as well as courage and talents, and will present himself abroad, like a young fellow of head as well as heart, who knows something more than the speed of a horse and the flight of a hawk.

Buck. And yet isn't wise enough to escape the tricks of a kidnapper, Craigie! [*Craigengelt assumes an air of indignation, and puts his hand on his sword-hilt.*] But don't be angry; you know you won't fight, so just leave your hilt alone, and tell me how you drew him into your confidence.

Craig. Simply, by flattering his love of vengeance. He is now gone to expostulate, as he says, and perhaps thinks, with Sir William Ashton. I say, if they meet, ten to one but the Master kills him. Scotland will be too hot to hold him. France will gain him, and we shall all set sail in the French brig *L'Espoir*, which is hovering for us off Eyemouth. [*Both rise and come forward.*]

Buck. Content, say I; and if carrying the Master with us will ensure us a better reception, I hope he will shoot the Lord Keeper before he returns. I doubt our own merits will get us but slender preferment. But stay, he comes; I hear a horse's feet.

Craig. [*Crossing to R.*] Are you sure there is only one? I fear there is a chase. I think I hear three or four galloping together. I am sure I hear more than one. [*Crosses to L.*]

Buck. [*Slaps Craigengelt on the shoulder, who starts over to L. corner.*] Pooh, pooh, man! it's only the wench of the house clattering to the well in her pattens. Why, you're more easily scared than a wild goose.

Craig. Eh? what! [*Affecting to draw his sword.*]

Buck. Leave it alone, Craigie! You won't, you know. [*Craigengelt crosses sulkily to L.*] But here comes Ravenswood alone, and looking as gloomy as a night in November!

Enter RAVENSWOOD, R. He goes to the table and sits

Craig. Well, what has happened? What have you done?

Rav. Nothing.

Craig. Nothing! and left us determined to call the old villain to account for all the injuries you, we, and the whole country have received! Have you seen him?

Rav. I have.

Buck. Seen him! and come away without settling scores which have been so long due? I should not have expected that at your hand, Master?

Rav. No matter what you expected, sir. It is not to you I shall be disposed to account for my conduct. [*Rises and comes down, R.*]

Craig. Patience, Bucklaw. The Master has been interrupted by some accident—[*Swaggering up to Ravenswood*—]but he will excuse the anxiety of friends.

Rav. Friends! Captain Craigenfelt—[*Craigenfelt retreats to L.*]—I think our friendship amounts to this; that I agreed to leave Scotland with you as soon as I had visited the mansion of my fathers, and had an interview with its present possessor.

Buck. Very true, Master; and, as we thought you had a mind to do something to put your neck in jeopardy, we agreed to tarry for you, though ours might run some risk in consequence. As to Craigie, it does not much signify: he had gallows written on his brow, in the hour of his birth. [*Craigenfelt puts his hand on his sword.*] Nonsense, Craigie, you won't fight, you know; but I should not like to discredit my parentage by coming to such an end, and in another man's cause, too.

Rav. Gentlemen, if I have occasioned you any inconvenience, I am heartily sorry; but, respecting my own affairs, I shall judge for myself, and am determined not to leave the country this season.

Buck. Not leave the country! [*Goes up angrily, c.*]

Craig. [*Bombastically.*] Not leave the country! after all the trouble and expense I have incurred?

Rav. Sir, I repeat, for the trouble you have had on my account, I thank you; the expense you have been put to admits of a more solid compensation. Take my purse, and pay yourself according to your own conscience.

[*Throws his purse on the table; Craigenfelt is going to take it.*]

Buck. [*Coming down between them behind the table,*

which he strikes with his sword, c.] Your fingers, Craigie, seem to itch for that same piece of green net-work; but I make my vow to heaven, that, if they offer to close upon it, I'll chop them off with my whinger. Since the Master has changed his mind, I suppose we need stay here no longer; but, in the first place, I beg leave to tell him—

Craig. Tell him anything you will, but allow me first to state the difficulty of an introduction at Versailles, without the countenance of those who have established useful connexions.

Buck. Besides forfeiting the friendship of at least one man of spirit and honour.

Rav. Gentlemen, permit me once more to assure you, that you have been pleased to attach to our temporary connexion more importance than I ever meant it should have. When I repair to foreign courts, I shall not need the introduction of an intriguing adventurer, nor is it necessary for me to set value on the friendship of a hot-headed bully. [Exit, R.]

Craig. Morblieu! my recruit is lost!

Buck. Ay, Craigie, the salmon is off with hook and all. But I'll after him; for I've had rather more of his insolence than I can well digest. [Going.]

Craig. You had better let me go with you.

Buck. No, no, Craigie; keep you the cheek of the chimney-nook till I come back. You know you are not a fighting man; and remember the old proverb—'It's good sleeping in a hale skin.' [Exit rapidly, while speaking, R.]

[Craigengelt goes to R. after him, recollects the purse, which remains on the table, turns, takes it, puts it in his pocket, and walks off, R.]

SCENE IV.—A Glen in the neighbourhood of Wolf's

Crag. The Tower, L. U. E.

RAVENSWOOD discovered crossing from R. to L. slowly, his arms folded, and apparently in deep meditation.

Enter BUCKLAW hastily, and out of breath, L.

Buck. Halt, sir! As soon as I can speak, I'll tell you my purpose. I am no political agent—no Captain Craigengelt; I am Frank Hayston, of Bucklaw; and no man ever injures me by word, deed, sign, or look, but he must render me an account of it.

Rav. This is all very well, sir; but I have no quarrel with you, and desire to have none. [Crosses to R.]

Buck. Come, come, fine airs and wise saws shall not carry it off thus. You termed me bully, and you shall retract the word before we part.

Rav. Scarcely, unless you show me better reasons for believing myself mistaken than you are now producing.

Buck. Draw, then. I always thought and said you were a pretty man, and should be sorry to report you otherwise.

Rav. You shall have no reason, sir. Defend yourself. [*They fight; Bucklaw is disarmed and thrown upon one knee.*] Take your life, and mend it, if you can.

Buck. It would be but a cobbled piece of work, I fear. But I thank you, Master, for my life. There's my hand. I bear you no ill will.

Rav. [*Taking his hand, after a pause.*] Bucklaw, you are a generous fellow, and I am convinced I have done you wrong.

Buck. Are you indeed? That's more than I expected; for men say you are not too ready to retract your opinions or your language.

Rav. Not when I have well considered them.

Buck. Then you are little wiser than I am. I always give my friend satisfaction first, and explanation afterwards.

Rav. How is it, Bucklaw, you are so intimate with Craigenfelt, so much your inferior in birth and spirit?

Buck. In plain terms, because I am a fool, who have gambled away my land, and been silly enough to put my thumb under his belt. I dare say, by this time, he has told a dozen pretty stories of me to the government, the end of which will be, that I shall be made shorter by the head; and this is what I have got by wine, women, dice, cocks, dogs, and horses.

Rav. True, Bucklaw. You have indeed nourished in your bosom the snakes that are stinging you.

Buck. Well, well. I must petition for a lodging, the remainder of the night, at Wolf's Crag. I fear discovery, should I return to the inn, and—

Rav. The shelter of my roof you are welcome to. There sits the only male domestic that remains to the house of Ravenswood; and 'tis well he does remain, or we had little hope to find light or fire. [*Goes up to the gate, and knocks loudly several times.*] The old man must be departed, or fallen into a fit, for the noise I have made would have awakened the seven sleepers. [*Knocks again.*]

The light disappears from the window, and Caleb, with a lamp in his hand, cautiously opens a small casement over the gate, and puts out his head.

Caleb. What's your wull?

Rav. Caleb!

Caleb. Master, is't you?

Rav. Yes, Caleb, 'tis I; open the door quickly.

Caleb. But is it you in very blood and body? for I would sooner face fifty devils than my maister's ghaist, or even his wraith; wherefore, aroint ye, if ye were ten times my master, unless ye come in bodily shape, lith and limb.

Rav. It is I, Caleb, in bodily shape and alive; save that I was half dead with cold.

Caleb. Aweel, aweel, a moment's patience, while I unbar the gate. But are ye in truth men o' mould that demand entrance at sic a time o' night? [*Goes in.*]

Buck. If I were near you, you old blockhead, I'd give you sufficient proof of my bodily condition.

Rav. Open the gate, Caleb.

CALEB *slowly and cautiously opens the gate, and comes out with the lamp in his hand.*

Caleb. [*Advancing, L.*] Is it you, my dear master? Is it yoursel' indeed! And a strange gentleman with a— [*Calling.*]—Mysie, Mysie, woman! Stir for dear life, and get the fire mended; tak' the auld three-legged stool, or any thing that's readiest, that will mak' a lowe. I doubt we are but puirly provided, no expecting you these some months; nathelless—

Rav. Nathelless, Caleb, we must be accommodated the best way you can. I hope you are not sorry to see me sooner than expected?

Caleb. Sorry, my lord! I am sure ye sall aye be my lord wi' a' honest men, as your noble ancestors were three hundred years ago. Sorry to see the Lord o' Ravenswood at ane o' his ain castles. [*To Mysie, within.*] Mysie, kill the brood hen without thinking twice on't; let them care that come ahint. [*Crossing to Bucklaw.*] No that it's our best dwelling, but just a place o' strength for the Lord o' Ravenswood to flee until—that is, not to flee, but to retreat until—in perilous times; but, for its antiquity, maist folk think the outside of Wolf's Crag is worthy of a large perusal.

Rav. And you seem determined we shall have time to make it, Caleb!

Buck. Oh, never mind the outside of the house, my good friend; let's see the inside, that's all.

Caleb. Oh, yes, sir—ay, sir—unquestionably, sir—my lord, and ony o' his honourable companions. Here, John! Thomas! Saunders! William!

Rav. I think, Caleb, you had better trust to yourself, or I see little chance of our being attended to at all.

Caleb. Whisht, sir! For heaven's sake! If ye dinna regard your ain credit, think o' mine! We'll hae hard enough wark to make a decent night on't, wi' all the lies I can tell.

Rav. Silence, Caleb, and show us the way.

Caleb. Weel, weel; it is no for the like o' me to dispute your honour's bidding; but the lamp is no fit—for the credit o' the family, the siller candlesticks!

Rav. Silence, Caleb, and proceed!

[*Exeunt into the tower, L. U. E.*]

SCENE V.—*The Hall in Wolf's Crag.*

Enter CALEB, showing in RAVENSWOOD and BUCKLAW. He places the lamp on the table, and exit, R.

Rav. Comfort, Bucklaw, I cannot provide for you, for I have it not for myself. Shelter and safety, I think I can promise.

Buck. Excellent things, Master; and with a mouthful of food and wine, all I can require for the remainder of the night.

Rav. I fear your repast will be a poor one. [*They retire up, c. A noise heard without, R., between Caleb and Mysie.*]

Enter CALEB and MYSIE, R.

Caleb. Just make the best on't—make the best on't, woman. It's easy to put a fair face on ony thing.

Mysie. But the auld brood-hen? She'll be as tough as bow-strings and bend-leather.

Caleb. Say ye made a mistak'—say ye made a mistak', Mysie! Tak' it a' on yoursell'; never let the credit o' the house suffer.

Mysie. But the brood-hen? an' she sitting some gate aneath the dais in the ither chaumer; and I am feared to gang in the dark, for the bogle; and there's no anither light in the house, save that blessed lamp whilk stands upon the table.

Caleb. Weel, weel, Mysie, bide ye a wee, and I'll try to get the lamp wiled awa frae them. [*Exit Mysie, R.*

[*Ravenswood comes forward, R. and Bucklaw. L.*

Rav. Weel, Caleb, my old friend, is there any chance of supper?

Caleb. Chance of supper, your lordship! How suld there be any doubt o' that, and we in your lordship's house! Chance o' supper, indeed! But ye'll no be for butcher meat. There's walth o' fat poultry either for spit or bränder. [*Calling.*] The fat capon, Mysie!

Buck. Nay, nay, my good friend, if you have anything cold, or a morsel of bread.

Caleb. [*Crossing to Bucklaw.*] The best o' bannocks! and for cauld meat, a' that we hae is cauld enough.

Rav. Come, Caleb, I must cut this matter short. This is the young Laird of Bucklaw—he is under hiding, and therefore, you know——

Caleb. Oh, then he canna say muckle again our house-keeping, for I believe his ain pinches may match ours; no that we are pinched, thank God! but nae doubt, waur aff than we hae been, or suld be; and for eating—[*Aside.*] What signifies a lie;—there's juse the hinder end of the mutton ham that has been but three times on the table, and the nearer the bane the sweeter—as your honours weel ken—and there's the heel o' the ewe-milk kebbuck, wi' a bit o' nice butter, and—and—and that's a' that's to trust to.

Buck. Never fear, my old friend, we'll do justice to it. Get it ready. But, in the meantime, give me a drink of your ale.

Caleb. Ale! I wadna just now presume to recommend our ale—the maut was ill made, and there was awfu' thun-ner last week; but siccan water as the tower well has ye'll seldom see, and that I'll engage for.

Buck. [*Turning aside.*] D—n your water!

Caleb. It's a perfect cordial.

Buck. You may take it yourself, then; but fetch me some wine.

Caleb. [*Aside.*] I was jalousing this chiel was nae water drinker. Wine! Eneugh o' wine—it was but twa days syne, waes me for the cause! There never was lack o' wine at Wolf's Crag.

Rav. Fetch us some, then, if you have any left, instead of talking about it: but first light Mr. Bucklaw and myself to the apartment he is to occupy—the secret chamber.

Caleb. The secret chaumer! [*Crossing to c.*

Buck. Nay, 'tis now too near day-break to think of rest; but I shall play the devil with Mr. Caleb's mutton ham.

Caleb. [*Aside.*] Will ye? Then ye are a cleverer fellow than I tak' ye for, my man. [*Crossing to R. and taking the lamp.*] Weel, weel, your honour will excuse all deficiencies o' furniture and bedding, for wha wad hae thought o' the secret chaumer being needed? It has never been used syne the time o' the Gowrie Conspiracy, and I durst never let ony o' the women folk ken the entrance to it, or your honours will allow it wadna hae been a secret chaumer lang. [*Exeunt Ravenswood, Bucklaw and Caleb, R.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Hall in Wolf's Crag, a small Stool.*
Thunder.

Enter CALEB, R.

Caleb. Praise be blessed, the Master is nae epicure, and little will serve him; but, as for Bucklaw, gude save us, but he'd eat a horse ahint the saddle: he has clean made an end o' the mutton ham, and, in a' my contrivances, I canna haud it out abune the day.

[*A loud knocking at the gate; the storm continues.*]

Sir W. [*Without, L.*] Holloa!

Caleb. Eh, wha hae we got here now? [*Looks out of the window.*] Mercy on us! a gentleman and a leddy. What sall I do? I darena let them in. [*Knocking continued.*]

Enter RAVENSWOOD, R.

Rav. What is the matter, Caleb?

Caleb. Matter, my lord! Here's stranger folk at the gate; but an they beat it down, they'll no get in to see how ill we are provided.

Rav. Open the gate instantly, and admit them.

[*Turns up, R.*]

Caleb. He's daft—he's clean daft—to think o' admit-

ting lords and leddies, and nae sae muckle as a saut her-
ring in a' the house. Natheless, he maun be obeyed.

[*Exit, L.*

Re-enter CALEB, L., *showing in* Sir WILLIAM ASHTON
and LUCY: *Sir William in a large scarlet cloak and*
slouched hat; Lucy in a riding dress and mask.

Sir W. The sudden storm has separated us from our
attendants at the hunt, and we beg for shelter till it is
over.

Caleb. (c.) Your honours are right welcome to Wolf's
Crag. But I crave pardon, for that a' the rest o' the
people are gone out to see the hunt.

Rav. [*Coming forward, R.*] Silence, Balderstone!
Your folly is unseasonable!

[*Sir William and Lucy retire a little up. L.*

Caleb. [*Aside.*] He's daft—clean daft—red wud and awa'
wi'r. But deil hae Caleb Balderstone, if the credit o' the fa-
mily shall suffer, though he were as mad as the seven wise
masters. Wi' your honour's permission, I'll serve up some
slight refection for the young leddy, and a glass o' tokay,
or a little hot whisky toddy.

Rav. Truce to this ill-timed foolery, and interrupt us
no more with your absurdities.

Caleb. [*Crossing to R.*] Your honour's pleasure is to be
obeyed abune a' things; natheless, for the sack and tokay,
which it is not your noble guests' pleasure to accept——

Rav. Leave the room, Caleb.

Caleb. Assuredly, your honour.

[*Exit, R.*

[*Sir William, c., Lucy, L., and Ravenswood, R.,*
come forward.

Sir W. This, then, is the ancient castle of Wolf's
Crag. It was, as I have heard, one of the earliest posses-
sions of the noble family of Ravenswood.

Rav. Their earliest, and probably their latest, posses-
sion. I am the heir of that unfortunate house; and now,
methinks, it is time I should know who they are who have
so highly honoured my poor habitation? [*Sir William*
uncovers his face and takes off his hat; Ravenswood looks
steadily at him. A short pause.] I perceive Sir William
Ashton is unwilling to announce himself in the castle of
Wolf's Crag.

Sir W. I had hoped it was unnecessary, and am obliged
to you, sir, for breaking the ice at once. Lucy, my love,

lay aside your veil, and let us express our gratitude to the Master, openly and without disguise.

Lucy. [*Hesitatingly.*] If he will condescend to accept our acknowledgments. [*Crosses to him.*]

Rav. Miss Ashton will, I hope, believe me sincere, when I declare my happiness at being able to afford her the shelter of this roof. [*Salutes her respectfully. A noise as of the trampling of horses without.*]

Sir W. Ravenswood, there is no time for explanation like the present. At any price I must purchase your friendship. I would not ostentatiously declare how I have already served you, but had it not been for me, you would now have been a prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh, for your share in the riot at the funeral of your father. That my influence crushed the proceedings against you, let these papers be my evidence.

[*Ravenswood takes the packet, reads, and appears much agitated.*]

Rav. Is it possible? Can I have been so much deceived? [*After an effort, takes Sir William by the hand.*] My Lord Keeper, again and again I solicit your pardon, for the injustice of which I have been guilty. I thought you my bitterest enemy, when I was receiving at your hand the benefit of protection to my person and vindication to my character.

Sir W. Now, then, we understand each other; and from this moment be all our former enmity forgotten.

[*Ravenswood and Sir William retire up, and join Lucy.*]

Enter CALEB from the gate, L.

Caleb. I hae got rid o' Bucklaw, and a' the hunting folk; and now to contrive for dinner. Your honours, nae doubt, are weary o' waiting for refreshment, but it will no be lang. [*Caleb beckons to Ravenswood, who comes down to him, L.*] Tak' them up to the tap o' the tower, to admire the view. Do, for heaven's sake, sir, while I spread the table.

Rav. True, Caleb; we must not let our guests remain without refreshment; and here, take my purse; I believe that will prove your best ally.

[*Caleb is on the point of taking the purse, when he catches sight of Sir William, who has advanced, L.*]

Caleb. Purse! purse, indeed! What suld I do wi' your lordship's purse? A' is providing in the kitchen; but tak' awa' the guests for a few minutes.

Rav. I believe, Sir William, we had better leave Caleb to prepare the poor repast he has to offer. The view from the tower is much admired, and, as the s'orm has passed away, if Miss Ashton is not fatigued—[*Crosses to R.*]

Lucy. Not in the least.

Sir W. We attend you willingly.

[*Exeunt, R. D. F., Ravenswood leading Lucy.*]

Caleb. Heaven be praised! I hae got rid o' them. I wad like to hae ta'en his honour's purse: why couldna' he hae slippit it gently into my hand—but afore the strange folk, it wasna for the credit o' the family. But how to provide—what sall I contrive? This is the sairest push for the honour o' the house we hae had yet. Natheless, something must be—[*At this moment a violent clap of thunder is heard. Caleb stands aghast, but recovers himself instantly, with a strong expression of joy in his countenance.*] Eh! Gude save us! The thunner! The thunner comes to hand like the bowl o' a pint stoup. [*Calling.*] Here, Mysie! Mysie, woman!

Enter MYSIE, in hurry and alarm, R.

what are ye sitting greeting in the chimney-nuik for? Come here—or stay—stay where ye are, and skirl as loud as ye can. [*Mysie screams, as desired.*] It's a' ye'r guid for; I say, ye auld deevil, skirl—skirl—louder—louder, woman; gar the gentles hear ye at the tap o' the tower. I've heard ye as far aff as the Bass for a less matter—[*Mysie screams again and again*—and stay—down wi' that crockery.

[*Caleb goes off at the side, throws down the crockery, and returns, R.*]

Mysie. Mercy save us! The auld man's gaen wud! He has dang down a' the bits o' pigs—the only things we had to haud a soup milk—

Caleb. Haud your tongue, ye auld deevil—a's provided now—dinner, and a'thing—the thunner's done it a' in the clap o' a hand.

Mysie. Puir man! He's muckle astray! I wish he may ever come hame to himsel' again.

Caleb. Here, ye auld doited deevil—swear the thunner came down the chimney and spoiled the best dinner ye ever dressed. Beef—bacon—kid—lark—leveret—wild

fowl—venison, and what not—lay it on thick, and never mind expenses. Get awa' and skirl. [*Pushes Mysie out, R., who renews her screaming as she goes off.*] Wull a wins! wull a wins! sic a misfortune to befa' the house o' Ravenswood, and I live to see it.

Re-enter RAVENSWOOD, *Sir* WILLIAM ASHTON, and LUCY, *hurriedly*, R. D. F.

Rav. What is the matter, Caleb? Has any part of the castle fallen?

Caleb. Castle fa'en? Na! but the sute's fa'en, and the thunner's come right down the kitchenn lum, and the things are a' lying here awa' there awa', like the Laird o' Hoten-potch's lands! and wi' brave guests o' honour and quality to entertain!

Rav. Keep your intolerable nonsense to yourself, you old fool.

Caleb. [*Apart to Ravenswood.*] Haud your tongue, for heaven's sake, sir! If it's my pleasure to hazard my saul in telling lies for the honour o' this family, it's nae business o' yours—and if ye let me gang on quietly, I'll be moderate in my banquet; but if ye contradict me, de'il hae me, but I'll dress ye a dinner fit for a duke. [*Ravenswood retires. Caleb, crossing to Sir William.*] Nae muckle provision—might hae served four persons o' quality: first course—capons in white broth—roast kid—bacon wi' reverence; second course—roasted leveret—butter crabs—a veal florentine; third course—black cock—(it's black enough now wi' the sute)—plumdamas—a tart—a flam—and some nonsense comfits and sweet things, and that's a'—that's just a' was o't—forbye the apples and pears. [*They all laugh.*] The de'il's in the gentles. The loss o' the best dinner that cook ever put fingers to, makes them as merry as if it was the best jest in a' George Buchanan! If there was as little in your honours' weams as in Caleb Balderstone's, less cackling wad serve ye on sic a gravaminous subject. [*Aside.*] A description o' a dinner that wad hae made a fu' man hungry, and them to stand there laughing at it.

Sir W. [*Crossing to Caleb.*] Mr. Butler, we are heartily sorry for the misfortune that has befallen your dinner; but as your master is going with me to Ravenswood Castle—

Caleb. Ga'in' to Ravenswood Castle! [*Goes up, and comes down, R.*

Sir W. Do me the favour to accept this for the trouble we have given you. [*Gives him money.*] Ravenswood, as the day is now fine, we had better set out immediately.

[*Caleb retires up.*]

Rav. I'll attend your lordship. I have a few words to say to Caleb. and then——

Sir W. We'll wait for you at the gate. My people, I see, have arrived, and have brought our horses.

[*Exeunt Sir William, leading Lucy, L. ; Ravenswood crosses to L., gazing after her. Caleb advances to him, and gently touches his elbow.*]

Caleb. Ga'in' to Ravenswood Castle? The mercy o' heaven forbid!

Rav. And why Caleb?

Caleb. On, sir! Oh, Mr. Edgar! that is, my lord! I am your servant, and it ill becomes me to speak; but I'm an auld servant, and your ain conscience tells you it isn't for your father's son to be neighbouring wi' the like o' him. It isn't for the credit o' the family; an ye were ance to come to terms and get back your ain, I wadna say nay, for the young leddy is a winsome sweet creature.

Rav. Now, Caleb, you go farther than I do; you are for marrying me into a family you will not even allow me to visit, and you look as pale as death besides,

Caleb. Aweel! I wad ye wad let the strangers ride to Ravenswood alone; but since it canna be—there, there's three gowd pieces; and ye'll want siller up bye, yonder.

Rav. You forget, Caleb, I have gold of my own. Keep them to yourself; and, once more, good day to you.

Caleb. [*Holding him.*] And you will go, then? And you will go, for all I have said to you? Aweel! a wilful man maun hae his way. He that will to Cupar, maun to Cupar. But pity o' your life, sir, if ye be fowling or shooting in the park, beware o' drinking at the Mermaid's Well. Remember the prediction o' your house!

When the last Lord of Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride,
And woo a dead maiden to be his bride;
In the halls of his father his blood shall flow,
And his name shall be lost for evermoe!

[*Exit Ravenswood, L.*]

He's gaen! He's down the path, arrow-flight, after her! The head's as clean ta'en aff the Ravenswood family this day, as I wad ch'p the head aff a sybo. Close to her bridal-rein—close to her bridal-rein. And yet, without this lass, would not our ruin have been altogether fulfilled!

SCENE II.—*The Mermaid's Well, as in Act I.**Enter HENRY ASHTON and LUCY, R. U. E.*

Lucy. Nay, Henry, why are you so impatient? You will lose but a few minutes' sport by waiting till the Master joins us.

Henry. But I tell you, Lucy, I am to go to the ring-walk with Norman, and I shall be too late. I would not stay away for a gold jacobus; but here comes Ravenswood, so you must take his arm back to the castle.

*[Exit, running, L.]**Enter RAVENSWOOD, R. U. E., and comes down R. of Lucy.*

Lucy. My madcap brother has left me alone. Nothing has charms for him beyond a minute.

Rav. Miss Ashton, do you not admire the wild beauty of this spot?

Lucy. I have always been fond of wandering here; and the more so, because it is, as I have heard, a spot connected with the legendary lore I love so well.

Rav. It has been thought a place fatal to our family, and I have some reason to term it so. It was here I first saw Miss Ashton, and here I must take my leave of her for ever!

Lucy. Take leave of us! What can have happened to hurry you away? My father is powerful: wait till you see what his gratitude will do for you.

Rav. It is not to your father, Miss Ashton, but to my own exertions that I ought to owe success in the career on which I am about to enter. [*Lucy turns away to conceal her emotion; Ravenswood takes her by the hand.*] Forgive my rudeness—I am too rough, too intractable, to deal with any being so soft and gentle as you are. Forget that so stern a vision has crossed your path of life, and let me pursue mine, sure that I can meet no worse misfortune after the moment that divides me from your side.

Lucy. [*Struggling to conceal her emotion.*] Yet stay to take leave of my father. Surely the delay of a few hours—I was unprepared for the surprise, and—

Rav. Lucy, your trembling hand, your rising tears, excite a hope 'tis madness to indulge, and worse than madness to resign! Hear me—forgive me! and, in one word, decide my fate. One word from you for ever blends our destiny, or sends me through the world the victim of a

rash and hopeless passion. Speak, I implore you! there's life or death upon your answer.

[*Kneeling, and taking her hand.*]

Lucy. Rise, I entreat—your violence terrifies and grieves me. Ravenswood, you are the preserver of my life: you have a claim upon my gratitude, my affection, which my heart will never refuse to ratify.

Rav. [*Rising, and embracing her.*] Transporting sound! Here, then, receive my vow of sole and undivided love—for ever I am yours; and may that Power which witnesses, approve the solemn compact! But now 'tis fit I should inform Sir William. Ravenswood must not seem to dwell under his roof, to solicit, clandestinely, the affections of his daughter.

Lucy. You would not speak to my father yet? Oh, do not, do not! I am sure he loves you—I am sure he will consent; but my mother—alas! I fear my mother—

Rav. Your mother, my Lucy! What could she object to the alliance?

Lucy. I did not say object; but she is jealous of her rights, and may claim a mother's title to be consulted.

Rav. Be it so. We will wait her arrival.

Lucy. But were it not better to wait a few weeks? Were my mother to see you—to know you—I am sure she would approve; but you are personally unacquainted; and the ancient feud between the families—

Rav. Lucy, I have sacrificed for your love, projects of vengeance long nursed, and sworn to with ceremonies little better than heathen. On the evening which succeeded my poor father's funeral, I cut a lock from my hair, and, as it consumed in the flames, I swore that my rage and revenge should pursue his enemies, till they shrivelled before me like that scorched-up symbol of annihilation!

Lucy. And why do you now recall sentiments so terrible? Bind me by what vows you please. If vows are unnecessary to secure constancy, they may yet prevent suspicion.

Rav. Lucy, forgive me. I will not, by the slightest breath of doubt, imply suspicion, which my breast can never know. [*Breaks a piece of gold, and presents her half.*] Let this be the mutual emblem of our love. I place it next my heart; and never shall it quit that place till you demand it. [*Placing it within his bosom.*]

Lucy. And never shall this leave my bosom until you, Edgar Ravenswood, ask me to resign it to you; and, while

I wear it, never shall that heart acknowledge any other love than yours. [*Placing in her bosom the piece Ravenswood has handed to her, she throws herself into his arms. As they are about to seat themselves near the well, a raven falls from a tree at their feet, pierced by an arrow.*]

Rav. A raven! an evil omen.

Enter HENRY ASHTON, hastily, with a cross-bow, LOCKHART, and several Domestics, L.

Henry. 'Twas I that shot him—I knew 'twould startle you.

Rav. Indeed, Master Henry: do you not know that all the ravens are under the protection of the Lords of Ravenswood; and to shoot one in their presence is an evil omen?

Henry. That's what Norman told me. I can't help it now. Why, Lucy, what have you and the Master to say to each other, that you loiter so long? All the servants are seeking you. My mother has suddenly arrived, and my brother; and all's in a bustle and uproar.

Lucy. My mother arrived so unexpectedly?

Lock. Yes, madam; my lady and the colonel. Sir William is alarmed at your long absence; and has sent us to search for you.

Lucy. Good Lockhart, I am glad you have found us. We will follow you with all speed to the castle.

[*Exeunt Lockhart and the Domestics, L.*]

Rav. Now, Lucy, I fear your trials will begin.

Lucy. Ravenswood, once more hear me repeat my resolution. Though I will never wed man without the consent of my parents, neither force nor persuasion shall dispose of my hand till you renounce the right I have freely given you to call it yours alone. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in Ravenswood Castle.*

Enter Lady ASHTON, followed by Sir WILLIAM.

Sir W. Nay, my dear Eleanor, listen to reason for a moment. Why is it that, on your return from so long an absence, you assail me with reproaches, counteract all my plans, and rudely dismiss from my house a guest whom I had invited? Surely a connexion which would end for ever the family feuds—

Lady A. Never—though the loss of rank and power

were certain—never shall these feuds be ended by such a marriage. You are aware I have already received and accepted the most flattering proposals from Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw: I expect him every hour. He has the first estate and influence in the country; and against this match what reasonable objection can you urge?

Sir W. None, but her own repugnance. If Lucy freely consent to receive the addresses of Bucklaw, my wishes will accord with yours. But if her heart remain with Ravenswood, her hand shall not be forced upon another.

Lady A. She already repents of the engagement into which she has been trepanned. I have a mother's authority to annul it, and fear not to obtain her ready compliance.

Enter a Servant, L.

Serv. Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw is arrived, my lady.

Lady A. I rejoice to hear it, and will wait on him immediately. [*Exit Servant, L.*] And now, Sir Wilham, let us prepare Lucy for the interview. She is acquainted with this proposal; and when she finds it warmly sanctioned by her parents, she will, I trust, at once abandon every thought disgraceful to her birth, and yield her happiness to our disposal. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Apartment in the Castle.—Four Chairs, &c., R. and L.*

A Servant shows in BUCKLAW and CRAIGENGELT, L., and exit, R.

Craig. May I be double distanced, if ever I saw a man in my life have less the air of a bridegroom! Cut me out of feather, if you don't look as if you were condemned to be hanged!

Buck. Why, Craigie, I never spoke ten words to a woman of rank in my life. The chance is, I shall make but a bungling business of this.

Craig. Why, you were bold enough the day you met her at the hunt.

Buck. Ay, ay, because she had a mask on, and I was at home there—I was in my element. If she would talk about hunting, I should get on; but the chance is, I shall scarcely stammer through half a sentence in the regular way.

Craig. (L.) Never fear! Muster up your courage,—speak boldly, and the prize is won.

Enter Lady ASHTON and LUCY, R. Lucy is extremely pale, and appears to pay little attention to the passing scene, as if almost unconscious of the conversation.

Lady A. My dear Bucklaw, you are thrice welcome to Ravenswood Castle. Captain Craigengelt, your servant. [*Bucklaw and Craigengelt bow.*] Lucy is acquainted with the purpose of your visit, and ready to hear you on a subject equally interesting to us all; but, as she is very young, and has lately been trepanned into an engagement of which she is now heartily ashamed, you will, I know, excuse her wish that I should be present at the interview.

Buck. That's the very thing, madam—I should have desired it on my own account; for I have been so little accustomed to gallantry, I fear I shall make some cursed mistake. Craigie, we can dispense with your company. [*Craigengelt bows obsequiously, and exit, R. Bucklaw hands chairs to the ladies—seats himself, L., at a distance from them; and, after several efforts, addresses Lucy.*] You see, Miss Ashton, I am come to—to explain—that is, just to say—your mother—her ladyship—I say—sensible of your charms and accomplishments—I mean, I am sensible—very sensible—but, somehow, not being accustomed to talk to young ladies—I fear I don't make myself understood.

Lady A. Lucy, my love, you hear what Bucklaw is saying?

Lucy. Yes, madam—no, madam—I beg pardon—I did not hear.

Lady A. You needn't blush, my love; and still less need you look so alarmed.

Buck. I believe I am a fool, Miss Ashton. I have tried to speak to you as people tell me young ladies like to be talked to; and I don't think you comprehend what I have been saying.—[*Aside.*] And no wonder, for curse me if I understand it myself.—But, however, once for all, if you can take a plain young fellow for your husband, I will place you at the head of the first establishment in the three Lothians: you shall have the best lodging in the Canongate of Edinburgh, go where you please, do what you please, see what you please—and that's fair. Since I have mustered up courage to make a plain proposal, I would fain hear Miss Ashton, from her own lips, give me a plain answer.

Lady A. My dear Bucklaw, let me spare Lucy's bashfulness. She has consented to be guided by her father

and me in this matter. Lucy, my love, speak for yourself: is it not as I say?

Lucy. I have promised to obey you, madam; but upon one condition.

Lady A. She means that she has written to Ravenswood, and expects an answer: the restitution of the engagement into which he had the art to involve her.

Buck. Perfectly right! quite fair!—

‘It is best to be off with the old love,
Before you be on with the new.’

But I thought you might have had an answer six times told before now. I have a great mind to go and fetch one myself, if Miss Ashton will honour me with the commission.

Lady A. By no means. My son, Colonel Ashton, is equally anxious; and do you think we could permit either, when both are so dear to us, to go to a desperate man on a desperate errand? In fact, we are all of opinion that, as no answer has been returned, silence must in this, as in other cases, be supposed to give consent; and a contract abandoned, when a party waives insisting upon it.

Lucy. [*Rising.*] Madam, I entreat you to urge me no further. I feel conscious heaven and earth have set themselves against my union with Ravenswood; but, till this unhappy engagement be restored, I should commit a heavy sin in doing what you require. Let me be once assured that he wishes to set me free, and then dispose of me as you please. I care not how—when the jewels are gone, what signifies the casket?

Lady A. But, my love, if he remains obstinately silent?

Lucy. He will not be silent. Unknown to you, I have sent him a double of my former letter by a certain hand.

Lady A. You have not—you could not—you durst not! [*Suddenly checking her anger.*] My dearest Lucy, how could you think of such a thing?

Buck. No matter! I respect Miss Ashton for her sentiments; and I only wish I had been her messenger myself.

Lady A. [*Ironically.*] And, pray, how long are we to wait for the return of your Pacolet—your fairy messenger?

Lucy. I have numbered weeks, days, hours, and minutes: within a week I shall have an answer, unless he be dead. Till that time, sir, let me be thus far beholden to you, that you will beg my mother to forbear me on this subject.

Buck. [*Crossing to c.*] I will make it my particular entreaty to Lady Ashton, madam. Miss Lucy must not be hurried, my lady—messengers may be delayed. I have

known a day's journey broke by the casting of a fore-shoe. To be sure, by the time she mentions, I ought to be at Caverthn Edge, to see the match between the Laird of Kittlegirth's black mare and Johnson's, the meal-monger, four-year-old colt; but Craigie can bring me word how the match goes—so that's all settled. In the meantime, I shall not distress Miss Ashton myself; and I hope you and Sir William will leave her equally at liberty to make up her mind.

Lucy. Sir, you are generous.

Buck. As for that, madam, I only pretend to be a p.a.n., good-humoured young fellow, as I said before, who would willingly make you happy, if you will permit him, and show him how to do so.

Lady A. My daughter, Bucklaw, does full justice to the sincerity of your attachment. And now we had better confer with Sir William on the subject: he expects us in the library.

Buck. I attend him, madam. [*Crossing to R.*] Miss Lucy, I take my leave. By my honour, I respect your sentiments; and, though the prosecution of this affair be rendered dearer to me than before, yet, as I am a gentleman, I would renounce it for ever, were it so urged as to give you a moment's pain. [*Exit, R.*]

Lady A. [*Crossing to R.*] Lucy, you have asked and obtained your own time;—the honour of the family is now compromised. When eight days shall have elapsed, we conclude you will end this suspense, and be ready, with a cheerful heart, to sign and seal. [*Exit, R.*]

Lucy. To sign and seal! To do and die! [*Clasps her hands in agony, and sinks into a chair. After a pause.*] It is decreed that every living creature, even those who owe me most kindness, are to shun me, and leave me to encounter the difficulties by which I am beset. It is just I should be thus. Alone and uncounselled I involved myself in these perils. Alone and uncounselled I must extricate myself, or die. [*Exit, R.*]

SCENE V.—*The Wolf's Crag.*

Enter CALEB with a letter, followed by a Messenger, L.

Caleb. Gude save us! Wha wad hae thought o' sic an event? The Marquis o' Athol, and a' his attendants, coming to Wolf's Crag!

Mess. It is as I tell you, Mr. Balderstone. His lord-

ship will be here within an hour. The Master has appointed to meet him, and they have business of the last importance to settle.

Caleb. And the Master coming too. He hasna been at hame for mony a lang day, mair's the pity; and right joyfu' will auld Caleb be to see his honour back again. [*Aside.*] Wna wad hae thocht o' sic an event! I'm a' in a botheration; natheless, for the credit o' the house, I maun receive them as befitting. But how sall I get rid o' the stranger? He mauna see our shifts. Friend, I conclude ye wad hae nae objection till refresh after your journey, and, praise be blessed, ye are come into a land o' plenty.

Mess. I thank ye, Mr. Caleb, I am rather thirsty with hard riding, and——

Caleb. Then I wadna recommend ale or brandy, but just a glass o' cauld water after a lang ride—it's mair wholesome to the stomach. Natheless, ye sall hae what ye like, and, while I prepare your repast, I'se tell ye what ye do—gang your ways up to the tap o' the tower, and skirl to me when ye see the cavalcade approaching. I'll awa and get a' the lads in their new liveries. This way, this way—and mind ye dinna break your neck, for the steps are a leetle out o' repair. Confound the lazy sclater loons o' masons, they were to hae been here a week syne. [*Gets him off at a door in R., supposed to lead up to the top of the castle. As soon as he is out, Caleb locks the door and puts the key in his pocket.*] Eh, my mon, I hae disposed o' you—an ye bellow tiil ye burst, ye'll nae get out, till I hae contrived something to save the honour o' the family. [*Calling.*] Mysie—Mysie, woman!

Enter MYSIE, R.

Mysie. What's the matter now?

Caleb. Eneugh's the matter. Here's the Master and his noble kinsman, the Marquis o' Athol, expectit in an hour, wi' a tribe o' flunkies as lang as Kurka'dy, and de'il a morsel to eat, or a drap to drink, nor sae muckle as a plack or a bawbee to buy a bannock wi'! What sall we do—how sall we contrive? Eh, gude save us, woman, we had e'en better set fire to the auld tower at ance, and burn the remnants o' furniture a' thegither. It's mair for our credit than to let them ken we are in poverty.

Mysie. Mercy on us, Caleb, dinna stand there shaking your lugs, but gang your ways down to the village, and try

whether ye canna get onything from the folk, in the way o' borrowing.

Caleb. Eh! There's Eppie Sma'trash maybe will trust us for ale; she has lived a' her life under the family—and maybe wi' a sup brandy—I canna say for wine, for she is but a lone woman, and gets it by a runlet at a time. But I'll work a wee drap out o' her by fair means or foul.

Mysie. There's a braw christening going on at Gibbie Girder's, the cooper, and I warrant store o' provision; and ye ken, Caleb, auld Dame Lightbody and ye war always inclined till each other.

Caleb. Eh, woman! but ye are a braw lassie and hae saved me from sair dismay. I didna think ye had sae muckle rumlegumption. The de'il's in the peddling tub-coopering carles; it's a shame to see the like o' them gusting their gabs at sic a rate. If some o' that gude cheer doesn't find its way to Wolf's Crag this night, my name is not Caleb Balderstone. Gang your ways, Mysie, we'll mak' snift—we'll mak' shift—keep your heart abune, for the noble house o' Ravenswood shail hand its credit as lang as Caleb is to the fore—though he suld beg, borrow, steal, and lie, to the end of the chapter.

[*Exeunt Mysie, R. ; Caleb, L.*]

SCENE VI.—*The inside of Girder's Cottage. A large kitchen fireplace with two spits, turned by a Boy. On one spit a quarter of mutton, on the other a goose and a brace of wild ducks. In another part of the room, a table spread for dinner. Three stools. A door, L. S. E.*

Dame LIGHTBODY, L. and MARION, R. discovered.

Dame. I tell ye, Marion, I heard the story from auld Ailsie Gourlay, and nae aye can doubt the truth on't. The Master o' Ravenswood saw the ghaist o' Alice Gray sitting by the well, as he was riding along through the forest. He thocht it was the auld woman hersel', but, on going to her cottage, found she was just dead.

Mar. I dinna doubt the fact at a', mither. But what are we to think o' it all?

Dame. Nae gude, child, I'll warrant. But now, as I passed through the village, there was a braw young mon o' horseback, asking the way to Wolf's Crag, and I heard him say, my Lord the Marquis o' Athol was coming along wi' the Master, and that Ravenswood wad get his lands

again frae Sir William Ashton : and ne'er trust me, but we shall witness some bonny wark afore lang.

Mar. But if a' this news is true, mither, we shall be uader the Ravenswood family again—I wish Girder hadna been sae uncivil to auid Caleb Balderstone, the last time he called. He might hae spoken a gude word, in case—
[*A knock at the door, L. S. E.*] En, wha hae we here?

Caleb. [*Without, L.*] How's a' wi' ye neebours? how's a' wi' ye?

Dame. Eh, mercy! but it's the auld mon himsel'. Open the door, Marion, and we'll get it a' out o' him.
[*Marion opens the door and lets in Caleb.*] Ay, sirs! Mr. Balderstone, and is it you? a sight o' you is gude for sair een. Sit ye doun, sit ye doun—the gudeman will be blythe to see ye—ye never saw him sae cadgy in your life; but we are to christen our bit wean the night, as ye will hae heard, and, doubtless, ye will stay and see the ordinance. We hae killed a wether, and ane o' our lads has been out wi' his gun at the moss—ye aye used to like wild-fowl.

Caleb. Na, na, gudewife—I just keekit in to wish ye joy, and I wad hae been blythe to hae spoken wi' the gudeman, but——[*Going.*]

Dame. The ne'er a fit ye gang; wha kens what ill it may bring to the bairn, if ye overlook it in that gate?

Caleb. But I'm in a precious hurry—[*The women bring down chairs, force Caleb to sit, and seat themselves on each side of him.*]—And, as for eating, lack-a-day, we are just killed up yonder wi' eating frae morning till night. It's shamefu' epicurism; but that's what we hae gotten frae the English poke-puddings.

Dame. [*Bringing down a dish of white and black puddings.*] Hout! never mind the English poke-puddings, but try our puddings, Mr. Balderstone. There's black puddings and white hass, try whilk ye like best.

Caleb. Baith gude—baith excellent!—canna be better; but the very smell is eneugh for me, that hae dined so lately. But I wadna affront your housewifeship, gudewife—and, wi' your permission—[*Taking them all, and putting them into his pocket.*]—I'se e'en put them in my napkin, and eat them to my supper at e'en, for I'm weary o' Mysis's pastry and nonsense. Ye ken, Marion, landward dainties aye pleased me best; aye, and landward lasses, too. [*Leering at Marion.*] Ne'er a bit but she looks far better than when Girder married her, and then she was

the bonniest lass in a' our parochine. But gawsie cow, goodly calf.

Mar. But what news at the castle, Mr. Balderstone?

Caleb. News! the travest news ye ever heard. 'There's my lord coming hame, wi' the Marquis o' Athol, and he's to get the lands o' Ravenswood again, and so I just wanted to round in the gudeman's lug, that I heard them say up bye yonder, Peter Puncheon, the cooper to the queen's stores, at the Timmer Burse, at Leith, is dead—sae I thocht a word frae my lord might hae served Gilbert; but since he's frae hame——

Mar. Oh, but ye maun bide his hame coming. He's awa to fetch precious Mr. Bidethebent, the minister.

Caleb. Aye, he's a precious mon, Bidethebent. He has a gude delivery. Eh! he's a perfect monitor o' a mon.

Mar. I aye telled Gilbert ye meant weel to him, but he taks the tout at every bit lippening word.

Dame. Ay, ay, he's master and mair at hame, I can tell ye, Mr. Balderstone.

Caleb. Ay, and does he guide the gear, too?

Dame. Ilka penny o't: but he'll dress her as dick as a daisy, as ye see—she has little reason to complain: where there's ane better aff, there's ten waur.

Caleb. Aweel, gudewife, that wasna the way ye guided your gudeman; but ilka land has its ain lauch.

Mar. And so my lord is coming hame? 'Troth, and a braw gentleman he is, wi' a face and a hand, and a seat on his horse, that might hae become the king's son: d'ye ken that he aye used to glow'r up at my window, Mr. Caleb, when he rode through the town; sae I hae a right to know what like he is, as weel as onybody.

Caleb. I ken that brawly, for I have heard his lordship say, the cooper's wife had the blackest ee in the barony. And I answered, 'Weel may that be, my lord, for it was her mither's afore her, as I know to my cost;' eh, Marion? [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! Ah, those were merry days.

Dame. Hout, awa! ye auld carle, to speak sae daffing to young folk.

Caleb. Eh, gude save us! Dinna ye hear the bairn greet? [*Dame and Marion both get up in great alarm.*]

Dame. Eh, Marion! Fie, woman! Run, rin, I say—I se warrant it's that dreary weed come ower it again.

[*The two women run out, R.*]

Caleb [*Looking round.*] Now is the time, and could be

my fast if either Girder or Bidethebent taste that broche o' wild-fowl this evening. [*Takes a pinch of snuff, and calls the Boy.*] Here, my mon, here is twa pennies—carry that ower to Mrs. Sma'trash, and bid her fill my mull wi' sneeshing. She'll gie ye a gingerbread snap for your pains, and I'll turn the broche for ye in the meantime. [*Exit*

Boy, L. S. E. Caleb watches the door, then deliberately puts on his hat, takes both spits from the fire, and runs out with them at door, L. S. E.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

CENE I.—*An Apartment in Ravenswood Castle. Two Chairs.*

LUCY ASHTON discovered, L.

Lucy. At length the dreaded hour is arrived, and this day must decide my fate. Still, still, no answer to my letters. Where is the hope, the last and lingering hope to which I clung for safety, like a drowning wretch? 'Tis vanished! and despair alone remains. Ravenswood! Ravenswood! have I deserved that you should thus desert me; thus leave me unsupported to sustain this deadly persecution, opposed to which my reason wavers, and my poor heart is breaking. Where can I turn for pity or for rescue? Father! mother! Those names should mean protection, tenderness, and love, yet speak of cruelty and unrelenting rigour! One friend alone remains. In the dark grave, all human sufferings are closed, and gladly will I welcome death, rather than break the faith I pledged to Ravenswood.

Enter Lady ASHTON, R.

Lady A. Lucy, my love, why do you keep us waiting? The family is assembled, and the business must proceed immediately. Come, I'll conduct you to the hall.

Lucy, after endeavouring to speak, bursts into tears, and throws herself at her mother's feet.

Lucy. Oh, my mother! Save—spare me!—but for a day—but for an hour!

Lady A. Lucy, what means this? Rise, I command, you, and restrain your agitation.

Lucy. Oh, my mother! do not spurn me from you, but for one moment hear me. Urge me not, I conjure you, to fulfil this hated contract—my death will be the consequence. By the memory of that tender love with which you reared my infancy and childhood—by the deep sense of filial duty and obedience which, till this fatal moment, my life has proved—I entreat, I implore you, save me from misery and distraction—and save yourself, my mother, from that remorse which your own heart must one day feel, for having brought this woe upon your wretched child!

Lady A. Shame on such weakness, Lucy! Where is your pride? your duty to your parents and your family? All, all absorbed in one disgraceful passion!

Lucy. My vow! my vow!

Lady A. His silence has absolved you from it, and proves he wishes to forget his own. Have we not heard, too, that he is on the point of marriage with another? If these arguments have no weight, think that your parents' word is pledged—their honour implicated—think that, when freely left to fix the time, you named this day. You cannot, shall not now retract—you have no right to bring disgrace upon us all—and wherefore? To feed a hope which never can be realized—to pine in secret o'er a love, which heaven and earth alike refuse to sanction. Come; we have too long delayed.

Lucy. Man has no mercy! To heaven, then, I make my last appeal. Grant that I may retain my senses in this fearful trial. Already my weak brain begins to waver. One struggle more, and all will be concluded. My lot is cast—and now, madam, I obey you. [Exeunt, R.

SCENE II.—*The Grand Hall in Ravenswood Castle.*

Folding doors in c.—the only entrance to the apartment.

A table and two chairs, L. S. E.; one chair, R.

Sir WILLIAM ASHTON, Colonel ASHTON, HENRY, BUCKLAW, RANDOLPH, a Clergyman, and all the Domestics discovered.

Enter Lady ASHTON, leading in LUCY, c. d. f. All the Gentlemen bow.

Sir W. Now, then, to the business of the day. The parties are all assembled. Are the writings prepared?

Rand. Everything is ready, my lord.

Sir W. Then let us proceed at once. Nothing new is wanting but the formal signature of all concerned. The marriage ceremony must then be completed.

[Goes to the table to sign.]

Rand. (R.) [Approaching Lucy.] Yet, ere the solemn contract be performed, permit me to express my fervent hope, that the union between these honourable persons may prove a source of long and lasting happiness. Be not cast down, Miss Lucy, but meet a scene of joy with cheerful looks. Doubt not, obedience to your parents' wishes will heal your wounded mind, and crown your future days with many blessings. *[During this, the Gentlemen have all signed the contract; Sir William, first; Bucklaw, second; and Colonel Ashton, third.]*

Sir W. Now, Lucy, we wait your signature alone.

Lucy. I obey you, sir. *[She rises;—seeing her weakness, Lady Ashton offers to support her to the table, which she rejects.]*

Lady A. Rouse yourself, Lucy! *[To the Company.]* My daughter's health has long been delicate, and she gives way too much. *[Lucy crosses slowly to the table, Sir William gives her a pen, and she, after several efforts, signs her name. At this moment a violent noise is heard without.]*

Servant. [Without, c. D. F.] You pass not here, sir!

Rav. [Without.] Villains, stand back! He dies who opposes my entrance.

*Lucy. [Drops the pen, rises from her chair, and exclaims]—*It is he! It is he! He is come! he is come!

[She falls into her Mother's arms.]

Enter RAVENSWOOD, bursting open the folding doors, and coming forward, c.; his dress is much disordered, and partly enveloped in a large riding cloak, his hat slouched, his face haggard and pale. They all start with astonishment. Lucy raises herself, and stands gazing on him, as if petrified. A pause.

Lady A. (R.) [Recovering herself.] I demand to know the cause of this rude and unauthorised intrusion!

Col. A. (L. c.) That is a question which I have the best right to ask, and I request the Master of Ravenswood to follow me, where he can answer at his leisure.

Buck. (L.) No man shall usurp my previous right in demanding an explanation from the Master.

Col. A. I will relinquish to no one my right of calling to account the man who has offered this unparalleled affront to my family.

Rav. (c.) Be patient, gentlemen. If you are as weary of your lives as I am, I will find time and place to pledge mine against one or both; but, at present, I have no leisure for the disputes of triflers.

Col. A. and Buck. [*Drawing.*] Triflers!

Sir W. [*Stepping between them.*] My son, I command you—Bucklaw, I entreat you—keep the peace, in the name of the queen, and of the law.

Rand. (R. c.) In the name of the law of heaven, I implore—I beseech—I command you to forbear violence towards each other.

Col. A. Do you take me for a dog, sir, or something more brutally stupid, to endure this insult in my father's house? Let me go, Bucklaw! He shall account to me, or by heaven I will stab him where he stands.

Buck. You shall not touch him here. He once gave me my life, and were he the devil come to fly away with the whole house and generation, he shall have nothing but fair play.

Rav. Let him who really seeks danger take the fitting time when it is to be found. My mission here will be shortly accomplished. [*Turning to Lucy, and producing her letter.*] Is that, madam, your hand?

Lucy. [*In a faltering voice.*] Yes.

Rav. [*Producing the contract.*] And is this also your hand? [*Lucy makes an effort to answer; Sir William, finding she is unable, speaks.*]

Sir W. If you design to found any legal claim on that engagement, sir, do not expect to receive an answer here.

Rav. Sir William Ashton, I pray you, and all who hear me, that you will not mistake my purpose. If this young lady, of her own free will, desires the restoration of this contract, as her letter would seem to imply, there is not a withered leaf, which this autumn wind strews upon the heath, that is more valueless in my eyes. But I must and will hear the truth from her own mouth: without this satisfaction I will not leave the spot. Murder me by numbers, you possibly may: but I am an armed man—I am a desperate man—and I will not die without ample vengeance. This is my resolution, take it as you may. I will hear her determination from her own mouth, alone, and without witnesses. [*Taking out two pistols. All draw as he pre-*

sents them] Now choose whether you will have this hall floated with blood, or grant me the decisive interview with my affianced bride, which the laws of God and the country alike entitle me to demand.

Rand. In the name of heaven, receive an overture from the meanest of its servants. What this gentleman demands, though urged with over violence, hath in it something of reason. Let him hear from Miss Lucy's own lips, that she hath acceded to the will of her parents, and repents of her covenant with him. Let him have the interview on which he insisteth. It can but be a passing pang to the maiden, and then he will depart in peace unto his own dwelling, and cumber us no more.

Lady A. Never! Never shall this man speak in private with my daughter—the affianced bride of another. Pass from the room who will, I remain here. I fear neither his violence nor his weapons, though some who bear my name appear more moved by them.

Rand. Nay, madam, let me entreat you, add not fuel to firebrands. The Master of Ravenswood cannot. I am sure, object to your presence, the young lady's state of health being considered, and your maternal duty. I myself will also tarry. Perhaps my gray hairs may turn away wrath.

Rav. You are welcome to remain, sir, and Lady Ashton also, if she thinks proper; but let all others depart.

Cal. A. [*Crossing to Ravenswood.*] Ravenswood, you shall account for this ere long. [*Exit, c. d. F.*]

Rav. Whenever you please, sir.

Buck. [*Crossing to Ravenswood.*] But I have a prior demand on your leisure—a claim of some standing.

Rav. Arrange it as you will. Leave me but this day in peace, and I shall have no dearer employment on earth to-morrow than to give you all the satisfaction you may desire. [*Exit Bucklaw, c. d. F.*]

Sir W. [*Going.*] Master of Ravenswood, I think I have not deserved that you should make this scandal and outrage in my family. If you will lay down your weapons, and follow me into my study—

Rav. To-morrow, sir—to-morrow. To-morrow I will hear you at length. This day hath its own sacred and indispensable business. [*Exit Sir William and all the Attendants, c. d. F.* *Lady Ashton goes to Lucy, brings her forcibly down to the front, near c., leaves her, and passes behind to l. Ravenswood puts up his pistols, fastens the door, and re-*

turns—takes off his hat, and gazes on Lucy with a mingled expression of sorrow and indignation.

Rav. (L. c.) Do you know me, Miss Ashton? I am still Edgar Ravenswood—I am still that Edgar Ravenswood, who, for your affection, renounced the dear ties by which injured honour bound him to seek vengeance—I am that Ravenswood, who for your sake forgave, nay, clasped hands in friendship, with the oppressor and pillager of his house—the traducer and murderer of his father!

Lady A. (L.) My daughter, sir, has no occasion to dispute the identity of your person. The venom of your present language is sufficient to remind her that she speaks with the mortal enemy of her family.

Rav. I pray you to be patient, madam: my answer must come from her own lips. Once more, Miss Ashton, I am that Ravenswood to whom you granted the solemn engagement which you here desire to retract and cancel.

Lucy. It was my mother; I—

Lady A. She speaks truly; it was I who advised, persuaded, and commanded her to set aside an unhappy and precipitate engagement.

Rav. [To Lucy.] And is this all? Are you willing to barter sworn faith, the exercise of free will and mutual affection, to such unnatural and hard-hearted tyranny? Hear again what I have sacrificed for you, ere you sanction what has been done in your name. The honour of an ancient family—the urgent advice of my best friends have been used in vain to sway my resolution—neither the arguments of reason, nor the portents of superstition, have shaken my faith. The very dead have arisen to warn me, and their warnings have been despised. Are you prepared to pierce my heart, for its fidelity, with the very weapons which my rash confidence entrusted to your grasp?

Lady A. Master of Ravenswood, you have asked what questions you thought fit; you see the total incapacity of my daughter to answer you. But I will reply for her, and in a manner which you cannot dispute. You desire to know whether Lucy Ashton, of her own free will, wishes to annul the engagement into which she has been trepanned! You have her letter, under her own hand, demanding the surrender of it; and, as yet more full evidence of her purpose, here is the contract, which she has this morning subscribed, in presence of this reverend gentleman, with Mr. Hayston, of Bucklaw. [*Retires up, and comes down n. of Lucy.*]

Rav. [*Having gazed upon the deeds in mute astonishment.*] And it was without fraud or compulsion that she subscribed this parchment?

Rand. I vouch it upon my sacred character.

Rav. This is indeed an undeniable piece of evidence, and it would be equally useless and dishonourable to waste another word in remonstrance or reproach. [*Lady Ashton comes forward.*] There, madam—[*Giving to Lucy the paper and piece of gold*—these are the testimonies of your first engagement; you may be more faithful to that which you have just formed. I will now trouble you to return the corresponding tokens of my ill-placed confidence—I ought rather to say of my egregious folly!

[*Lucy gazes on him unconscious'y, raises her hands, and endeavours to disengage the riband, by which the piece of gold is suspended round her neck. Lady Ashton assists her—she gives the gold and a paper to Ravenswood.*

Lucy. It was the last link which bound me to life, and it is broken!

Rav. [*Much affected.*] And she could wear it thus—could wear it in her very bosom—could wear it next her heart—even when——But complaint avails not. [*Tears the contract.*] I will no longer be an intruder here. Your evil wishes, and your worse offices, Lady Ashton, I will only return, by hoping these will be your last machinations against the honour and happiness of your daughter. [*Turning to Lucy.*] And to you, madam, I have nothing further to say, except a prayer to heaven that you may not become a world's wonder for this act of wilful and deliberate perjury. [*Going.*

Lucy. [*Who has been endeavouring to rally her spirits for a last effort, breaks from her mother, and grasps him by the arm.*] Stay! Oh, stay! Rav—Ravenswood—my heart is breaking, and I cannot tell you: but do not leave me thus—a few moments, and all will be over.

Lady A. [*Alarmed at her violence, and advancing towards her one or two paces.*] Lucy, my dearest Lucy!

Lucy. Touch me not, mother—'tis now too late—I am beyond all fear. Ravenswood, you know not what I have endured—all united against me—your long silence—my letters intercepted—no friend to aid—no succour—no resource. They have broken my heart; but never, never could they change my love. [*Falling in his arms.*] Ravenswood, forgive—forgive me. [*Dies.*

Rav. Almighty Heaven! The hand of death is on her pallid cheek—she dies to prove her faith; and I—no, no; 'tis thou, accursed fiend in human form—thou hast disgraced the name of mother—thou, thou hast destroyed thy child! Speak! speak to me, Lucy! one word to save me from the hell that rages in this bosom!

[Ravenswood goes on the body of Lucy in all the frenzy of despair. Lady Ashton, who has appeared struck with the utmost horror, faints—Randolph supports her to a chair, R. The doors are violently burst open, and Sir William, Colonel Ashton, Bucklaw, and all the Domestics rush in, with swords drawn. Sir William comes down, L.; the rest, R.]

Sir W. My daughter, dead!

Buck. There stands the murderer! Rush on him! Tear him from her! Revenge! revenge! *[All prepare to rush on Ravenswood, who is on the ground, holding the body of Lucy in his arms. He rises and turns to them.]*

Rav. Behold your victim! Pause not, but plunge your weapons here, home to my heart; each hand that strikes, I welcome as a friend—but mortal force shall never tear her from me. Inhuman monsters, you have killed her! and now she's mine for ever! *[They are all rushing on him; Colonel Ashton interferes.]*

Col. A. Hold! I command ye all. To me, to me alone, his blood is due. By my hand he falls, or here completes the ruin of my family. Ravenswood, arise, and singly meet me; rise, murderer! coward, rise! *[Ravenswood starts up, draws, and engages Colonel Ashton. At the first pass, Ravenswood runs upon his sword.]*

Rav. Thus I provoke my fate. *[Falls, c.]* 'Tis past! the prediction is fulfilled; the blood of Ravenswood flows in the hall of his ancestors! Accursed race, contemplate and enjoy your savage triumph—we are beyond your malice. Lucy, I come:—in life they severed us, but in death we are united. *[Dies.]*

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

<i>R.</i> DOMESTICS.		DOMESTICS. <i>L.</i>
LADY ASHTON.	LUCY.	COL. ASHTON.
RANDOLPH.	RAVENSWOOD.	BUCKLAW.
SIR WILLIAM.		HENRY.

THE END.

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